



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

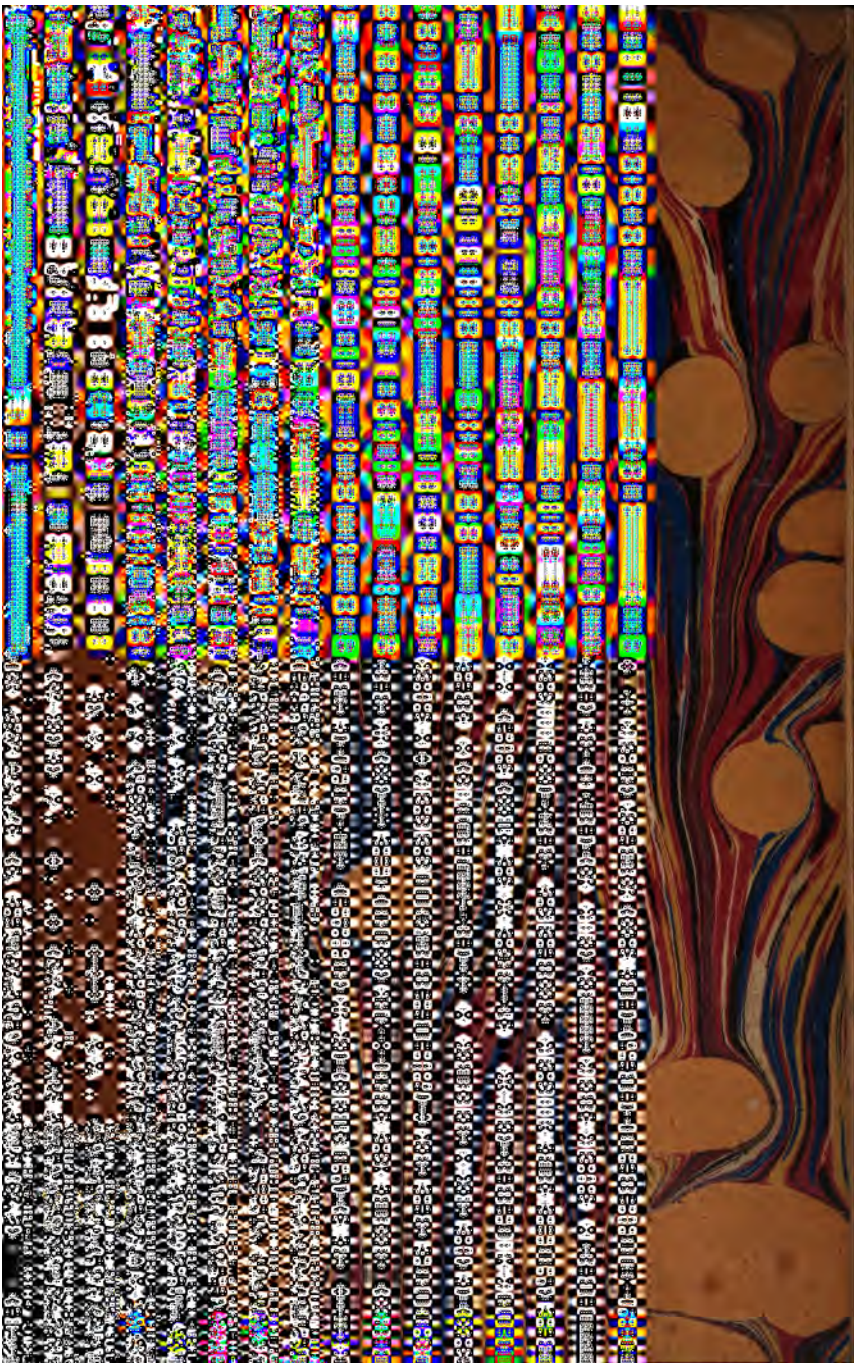
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

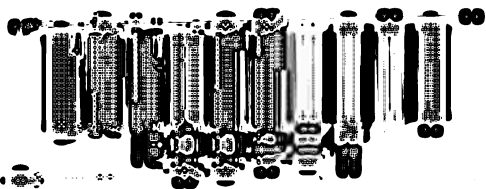
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

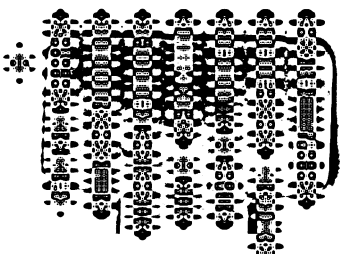


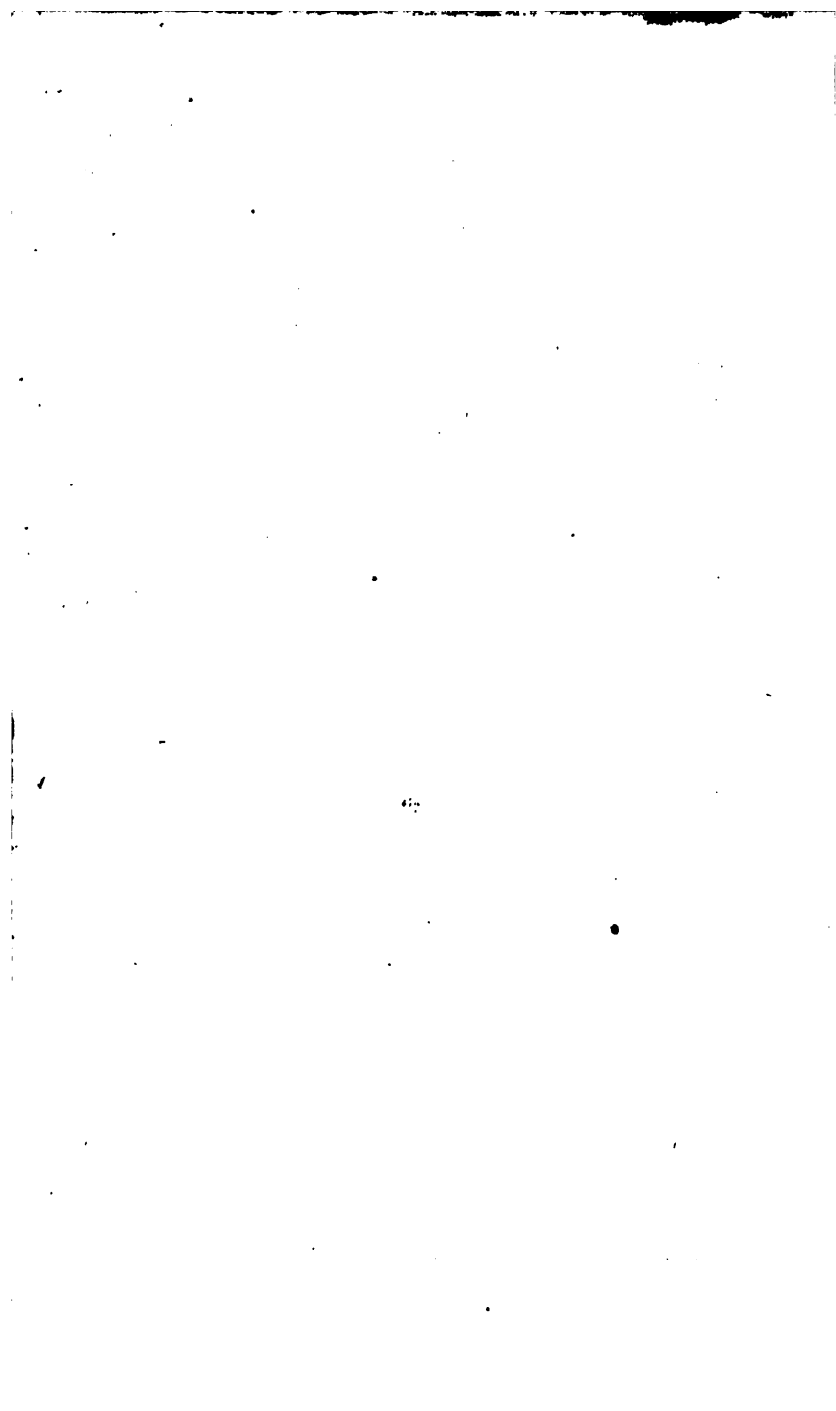


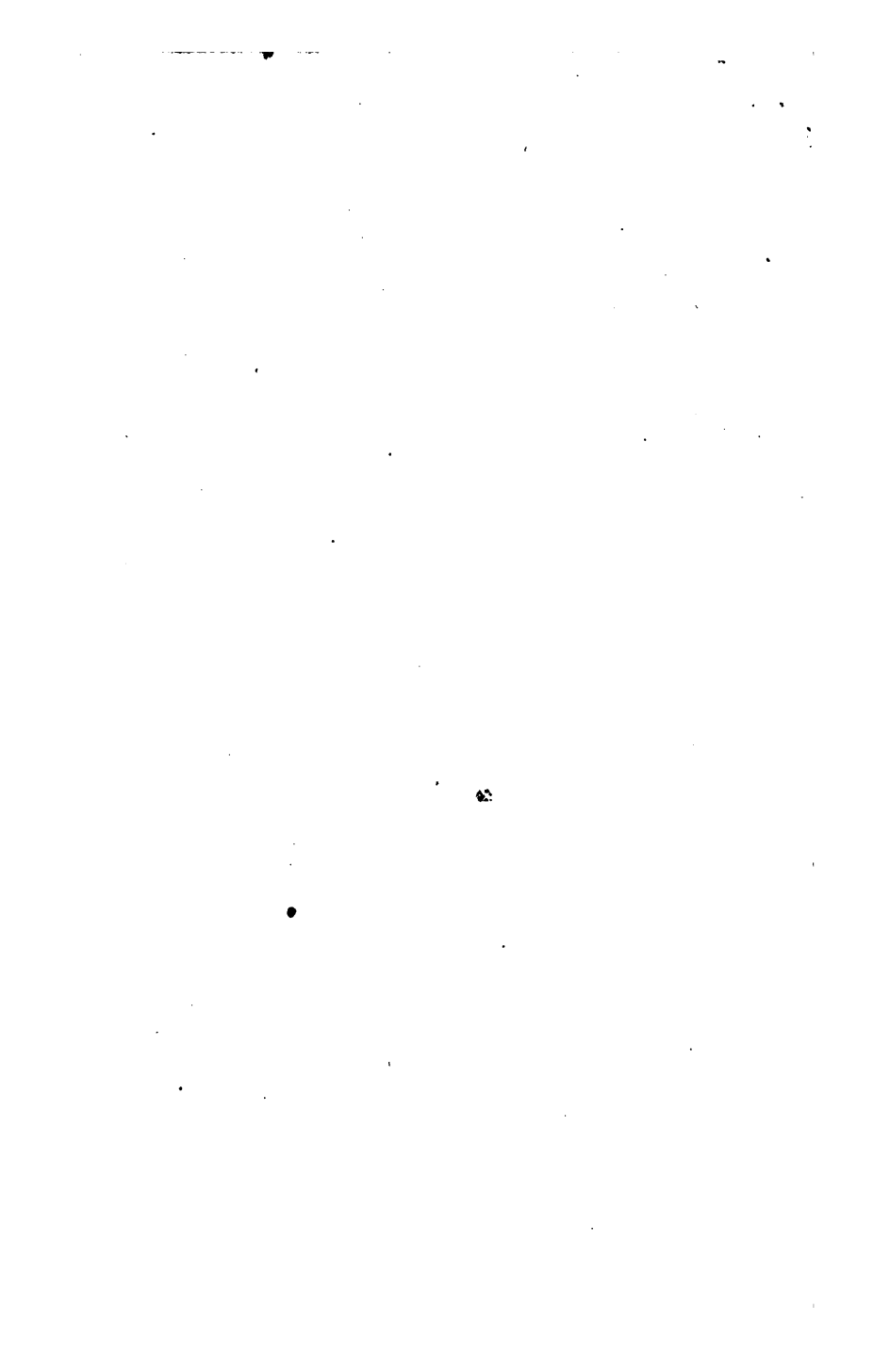
83

83

83

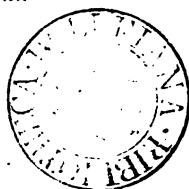






THE  
GLASS-BERG

A Poem.



---

LONDON  
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.  
1851.

280. s. 3.



THE  
G L A S S - B E R G.

---

A WISH was in the mighty Sovereign's heart,  
The teeming brains of men that wish obey'd;  
The human will was roused to do its part,  
And all its treasure-house of thought survey'd  
The wish, the brain, the will, together wrought,  
And pow'r performed what teeming Genius thought.  
A wonder was conceived,—a wonder grew,  
And, lo! the Glass-berg rises on our view.

Mountains of Glass—Glass glittering high and far,  
Reflecting sunlight from its miles of mirror,  
Standing transparent in the cool, grey air,  
Slender, yet firm, like things which last for ever—  
Far, far it stretches, fairy-like, yet proud.  
It seems like sunlight in the ev'ning cloud;



It goes beyond your thought,—'tis so ideal,  
 You must look twice before you think 'tis real.  
 And there it grew, through good and ill record ;

And London friends to country cousins wrote  
 How from the first hand they could send them word  
 'Twould fall and crush the Queen, the Lords, the  
 Court ;

How shook the galleries when two flies, or more,  
 Walked quickly through them ; how the sappy floor  
 Sank in the mud ; how human perspiration  
 Would fall in showers upon the gathered nation ;  
 How sparrows, ladybirds, and beasts unclean  
 Spoil'd every single thing, which was not right ;  
 How all this evil, some friend's friend had SEEN  
 How bearded foreigners came, pretending merely  
 To show things cheap, and then to sell them dearly ;  
 And Colonel Reid's *own Man* had told the writ-  
 Er, they would burn down London in one night.  
 Yet there the Glass-berg rises, gaily great ;

I see it from my window when the day  
 Shines fogless out upon its princely state,

And the straight Serpentine reflects the ray.

I see it when down Rotten-row we ride,  
 Old England's centaur-offspring, side by side,  
 And all address themselves to mark how well  
 The tender colours of the Glass-berg tell  
 Upon the English colouring of the sky;  
 Harmonious, gay, and bright,—not too bright for  
     the eye.

I think Man's sinews are almost sublime,  
     When a great work so quickly they fulfil;  
 There, in the vasty halls, we see how Time  
     Has been brought under to the English will.  
 Six months ago there was the Autumn grass,  
 Yet May's first day completes the hill of Glass.  
 And through their toil the soul-like men of clay  
 Have reverenc'd Sabbath rest; and when the day  
 Came round that saw the God of this great earth  
 Die for the race to which His will gave birth,  
 Then, too, they paused, (although the goal in sight  
 Was like a half-gained prize, uncertain quite,)  
 And with due awe abstained from temp'ral things,  
 For Him who makes and rules worlds, times and kings.

I to the GLASS-BERG drink a health,  
And one to those who've paid ;  
The Queen! and all whose wit and wealth  
Are in the Berg displayed.

I drink the Prince and all his race—  
No health would I drink rather ;  
And Mr. Paxton, whom the place  
Must bow to, as its father.

And Mr. Chance, the clever one,  
Who builds *sans* wood and stones ;  
And Messieurs Fox and Henderson ;  
And Mr. Owen Jones.

I drink the Cousins who have come  
From China and Tahiti,  
From Panama, and Indian homes,  
To bring us something pretty.

And to the brothers who traverse  
 Old Europe's beaten way,  
 I waft a health in wine and verse,  
 And this I frankly say,—

I've join'd my welcome to the rest,  
 To meet them from their homes,  
 And offer'd all things I possess'd,  
 Except my furnish'd rooms.

My Lady N—b— had the worse !  
 The money made her wonder ;  
 The fellow straight pull'd out his purse  
 And offer'd "feeftin hunder."

He must, indeed, have been the devil,  
 And this his actions tell :  
 No sooner was the house his own  
 Than it became a hell.

That's worse than forty German men  
All in the drawing-room smoking ;  
Or Grosvenor-street, where five times ten  
Did things still more provoking.

So some for money's sake are fled,  
And let their stories all ;  
And some, with tumults in their head,  
Stand with their house or fall.

Some fear the pards will dance too fierce,  
And fly the coming season ;  
And some from country corners haste,  
Just for that very reason.

But fly or fear, or haste or run,  
It matters not a pin,  
For great and grand will be our fun  
If we can but get in.

*1st May.—*

The wave-like multitude itself has roll'd  
 Within the GLASS-BERG's precincts, which enfold  
 Their entering groups as though its magic floor,  
 Absorbing all that came, had ever room for  
       more.

So far, so very far, the scenes extend  
 Men seem a huddled mass about the end ;  
 Then grow they into shapes, and, last of all,  
 The single figures stand detach'd and tall.  
 Along the mass two rows of red are seen,  
 Ribbons of red, extending into men,  
 Soldiers that guard the Sovereign's highway,  
 And with their brightness grace the festive day.  
 Mix'd with Art's marvels stand the old elm trees,  
 Shut with their green leaves from the outer  
       breeze ;  
 The growing crystal gradually enthrall'd them ;  
 " Imprison'd Giants" Lady Ea—ke call'd them.

Near them the Fountain, where I long'd to quaff;

And near again, the Love-and-Venus group;

But what 'mid all these beauties made me laugh

Was Washington; his bust was done in SOAP.

Amid these curious, bright, enchanting things

We for a brief while have our wanderings,

And all ourself is for a time forgot

In gazing on the magic of the spot;

Long vistas, free to day, which showers bright

On strange seducing shapes a flood of light;

The flash of jewels, and the marble wrought

To human form, and noble human thought

In tangible shapes, that make the bosom spring

That brother-men can do so great a thing.

Unending wealth, unending talent rise,

Wherever wander the bewilder'd eyes;

And much the impatient spirit does aspire

To go where'er its wandering glance has gone;

But blue policemen, senseless to its fire,

Say "Keep your places," in most mortal tone.

So, as the Glass-berg's wonders yet must be  
 A distant perspective to you and me.  
 Let's look around on all these seated ones,  
 These gracious dames on their five thousand  
                   thrones.

Thrones? yes, for man stands by you, as is fit—  
 His duty keeps him standing while you sit.

I see five thousand; how am I to choose  
 A few, to make them subjects for my Muse?  
 Ah! doubtless in my heart there moves a string  
 Which tells among five thousand whom to sing—  
 Thou whom I watch'd for while all enter'd in;  
     Thou being enter'd, then I ceas'd to watch,  
     Whose garment as it pass'd I sought to touch,  
 Whose glance I shudder'd at, when I did win,—  
 Thou whom I would not name, yet would hear nam'd,  
     Yet not too often, not by over many,  
 Thou beauty of my soul, who, scarce I know  
     If thou art priz'd or prais'd by others any—



Yes, thee I sing, and when the page shall meet  
 Thy truthful eye, oh, Heav'n, it will be sweet  
 To see it rise, wherever we may be,  
 And say in one brief glance, "Thou meanest *me*."

Not far from thee, I see the titled Dame,  
 On whose white breast resplendent diamonds flame;  
 Unlike the herd, who blaze not till the night,  
     Her gems against the sun their radiance spend;  
 And sometimes, dazzled by their splendid light,  
     She overlooks the most familiar friend.  
 Mother she is of Beauties—one fair face  
 Still shows us at her side each well-taught grace;  
 Bless'd be her lot, like those already gone,  
 Whether she chuse the Barrack or the Throne.  
 Chance has set near her one, with face as fair,  
 Smiling beneath her braids of raven hair;  
 With long pink things, (their name I cannot tell)—  
 Which, hanging round that face, become it well.  
 But all within, how sad the prospect lies,  
 Present and future dark before her eyes!

From out a set of pretty girls she's come,  
 Who once like her stepp'd welcome from their home;  
 But who are clouded, the far north within,  
 By ev'ry sorrow saving that of sin.  
 And she, the pretty stranger, what shall she  
 Next year, or next, what shall the — — be?  
 Would that a heart would open wide its space,  
 And lure thee to that household resting-place;  
 Would that a hand which thou couldst love to take  
 Would clasp thee for thy gentle beauty's sake,  
 Guard thee along life's difficult highway,  
 And make that morning smile a bright noon-day.

Near by I see a Lady whom I love;  
 I love her gracious welcome, and her way  
 Of seeming to love others; (I approve  
 That wholesome flatt'ry, genial as the May),  
 I love her well-fill'd house each Tuesday night,  
 Ere Easter comes with its redoubled light;  
 And more, the simple feast which once I shar'd,  
 Well pleas'd to sit at the domestic board.

Wisdom was there, and lore, which treated kings  
Of buried Egypt like familiar things ;  
Music, who did from her high stool descend,  
And sate in easy chairs, a social friend;  
And lib'ral Conscience, fit to judge and praise,  
And kindly feeling, and the simple ways  
Of a large family—all loving all—  
*Thee*, elder daughter! humbly I recal  
In 'broidered jacket, fitting close thy waist,  
And hanging sleeves which well thy white arms grac'd,  
And net that held thy hair about thy head,  
And bird that to thy finger gladly fled,—  
And younger sister thou !—not seen to-day!  
O'er whom full oft my wistful thoughts will stray,  
With innocent face, and form that seems design'd  
To wander through the forest free as wind,  
And let thy fair locks float upon the breeze,  
While devious flittest thou among the trees.  
And yet, alas ! a spell is o'er thee thrown,  
That like a fairy princess binds thee down,

Captive to some unkind, malicious elf,  
 And thy free will moves all except thyself.  
 Ah, God! among thy hours, let that hour be,  
 Which bids the patient, pretty girl be free.

Next, glancing round, my eyes behold a shape,  
 From which no beauty-loving eyes escape.  
 Göthe has said, " the finest talents lay  
 Lodg'd fitly in the finest-moulded clay ;"  
 And, had he sought examples, would have said,—  
 " Hear, read that woman—see her form, her  
 head."

Nature is near her still, to recommend ;  
 Her face inclines the world to be her friend,  
 Vigour and health her active steps approve,  
 It is a pleasure at her side to move ;  
 Graciousness seems her ev'ry word to fit,  
 And with it rolls the bright brook of her wit.  
 Her voice has music at its sweet command,  
 The pen is like a sceptre in her hand.

Too many talents! Gifts too freely pour'd;  
 Like those by heroines in a book possess'd;  
 Is there a something that must be endur'd  
 Even by her, to make her like the rest?

— — — — —  
 — — — — —

I catch at times a view of rougher forms  
 Behind each Beauty, who my fancy warms.  
 I see the Nun-preserver; at his side  
 The Man with a gilt carriage and fair Bride;  
 I see the grizzled head, o'er others tall,  
 The eye that sees the *evil* of it all—  
 The keen-edg'd wit that takes the gilding off,  
 And puts down vanity with pungent scoff,  
 Unveiling all the thoughts that lurk within,  
 While we in vain disown our folly, and our sin.

— — — — —  
 — — — — —

The doors are shut, and none has enter'd in—  
 A long half-hour, while thus we wait within.  
 All that shall witness this day's sight are here,  
 And now, stand up! The sight itself is near.  
 Behold, the doors fly open, and the roar

Of shouts increasing from without rush in,  
 While in the Glass-berg twenty thousand more

Add voices to the cheers that greet the Queen.  
 I think one must be born a Queen to bear  
 That glorious thrill of voices in the air;  
 That human thunder, rolling round the scene,  
 To greet oneself—to shout The Queen! the Queen!  
 Great tears come gathering in my foolish eye  
 Merely to hear the wild, the mingled cry.  
 'Tis not for love, or pride, that one rejoices,  
 But for the deep emotion of the voices.  
 But she is calm, is graceful, and by heart,  
 Queenly and womanly, she knows her part—  
 To every side she bends, none passes she,  
 Pleas'd with us all, each in our due degree.

And when the anthem peals, the prayer ascends,  
 The Queen, no longer Queen, devoutly bends ;  
 Shows not, nor hides the worship in her eye,  
 And feels the full sublime of Heaven's Majesty.  
 When that is o'er, she leaves her place to pass  
 O'er all the highways of the hill of Glass,  
 And England's pomp is gather'd in her suite,  
 A nation's splendour spreads around her feet :  
 Those gifts are Fortune's ; but this hour to see  
 Nature's great presents to her, touches me.  
 See what she is, besides the glittering scene ;  
 Besides what makes her " Happy as a Queen—"   
 A pretty woman, who could win a place  
 In hearts, by showing that fair, rose-leaf face ;  
 And near her, are the darling shapes and frames—  
 That call her by familiar household names,  
 Mother and wife, and every pretty word  
 That by a merely Queen are never heard.  
 Each treasure ever given, each dear form,  
 Is, with her, safe as yet from ev'ry storm ;

And love that makes her people round her bend,  
 Bestows upon her, children, husband, friend.  
 I think of her as oft I have beheld  
 In plaided shawl, straw bonnet which expell'd  
 The Highland sun, with foot that tir'd never,  
 Climbing the hill, or wand'ring by the river;  
 Health in her frame, and laughter-moving word  
 Caught by the friend, by courtier all unheard,  
 And joy to feel her state-freed step so nerv'd,  
 Free to go anywhere, and unobserv'd.  
 Thoughts, too, has she to enjoy the well-tuned  
                     string,  
 An eye to love the Artist's pencilling.  
 And, as she moves, we see her mark how well  
 The quickly-gathered Glass-berg owns her spell.

Two of this glorious pageant bear a part,  
 Which goes right home to ev'ry beating heart:  
 The One was maim'd, when, in the fight sublime,  
 The Other sav'd the world a second time—



He on the other leans, two old men now,  
 But glorious beyond life and death I trow.  
 Titles there are, high names beyond rebuke,  
 But, 'mong them all, one only is the Duke:  
 Beyond all titles, 'tis a name that cries—  
 “Behold your hero, your great man, your wise”—  
 A name our children seek to realize,  
 And press to see what form the great Duke bears :

And if he smile on them, or touch their head,  
 They lay the thought by for their future years,  
 That they may say, “Here was his finger laid !”

This day unconscious England saw him born ;\*  
 Long be 't ere grateful England for him mourn.  
 Pale is he but upright, his step is good ;

And when the drums roll'd till the building shook,  
 I rais'd my voice up, and I shouted loud,

As he pass'd closely by, “God bless the Duke.”  
 Now, round the wondering halls the Queen has pass'd,  
 She's walk'd her mile of triumph through at last ;

\* 1st of May—the Duke's birth-day.

And when again her foot is to the north,  
She with her noble company goes forth ;  
The barriers fall, the trumpets tell the crowd  
That they are free to go where'er they please,  
So let's obey the call they give so loud,  
And see the Glass-berg's wonders at our ease.

— — — — —  
— — — — —  
— — — — —

LONDON:  
SAVILL AND EDWARDS, PRINTERS,  
CHANDOS STREET.

## POEMS,

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. SAUNDERS & OTLEY,

CONDUIT STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

---

### THE VALLEY OF THE REA.

By V.

Author of "IX. Poems," "The Queen's Ball," &c.

### EVA: AND OTHER POEMS.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

### EUSTACE: AN ELEGY.

With Illustrations.

By THE RIGHT HON. C. T. D'EYNCOURT, M.P.

### SACRED POEMS.

By THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT GRANT.

With an Introduction by LORD GLENELG.

### HOURS OF SOLITUDE.

By MISS FRANKLIN.

### LONDON: A POEM.

By J. HENEAGE JESSE.

### THE NUPTIALS OF BARCELONA.

By R. N. DUNBAR.

**NEW WORKS,**

**PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. SAUNDERS & OTLEY.**

---

**REALITIES: A TALE.**

**By MISS LYNN.**

**THE LIFE OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION.**

**By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.**

**CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.**

**By MRS. JAMESON.**

**THE FIRST ANGEL:**

**A Novel.**

**ARTHUR MONTAGUE:**

**A Tale of the Sea.**

**By A FLAG OFFICER.**

**THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.**

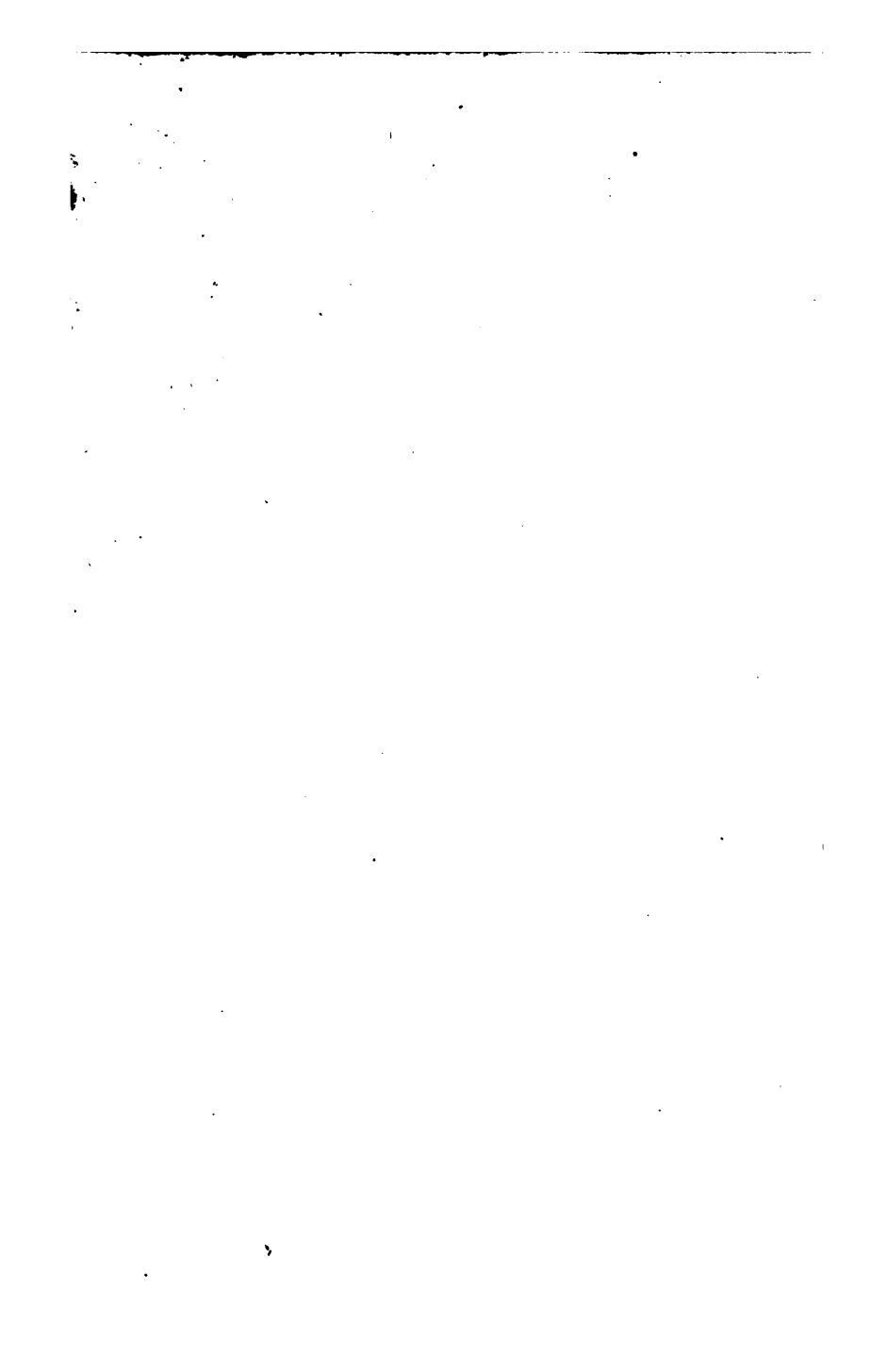
**In silk, gilt.**

**THE POETRY OF LIFE.**

**By MRS. ELLIS.**

**THE AUTHOR'S PRINTING & PUBLISHING ASSISTANT.**

**2s. 6d. post free.**



The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The second part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The third part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The fifth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The sixth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The seventh part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The eighth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The ninth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time. The tenth part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics which deals with the changes in the language over time.





